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The Infant and the Angel

Gleams o'er a spotless infant's cradle,
Late from the starry skies,
A hovering angel's sparkling spirit—
Awed, in the infant's eyes
To see, mirrored as in a wavelet's face,
The image of his own resplendent grace.

Charmed with the glow of beauty, captive
Held in the bonds of earth,
Thus to the infant quoth the angel:
"O sweetest little brother, birth
Of God's creative breath, fly, purest dove,
O fly with me unto the stars above.

"Vile is the earth, and all unworthy
Of beauty such as thine:
The charms of earth conceal no beams that
Eternally shall shine;
Roses have thorns, and honors breed regret,
To the bitter sea flows each sweet rivulet.

"Dawns not a day but it may witness
Storm where it knew but rest,
And the smile of heaven at sunrise
Dies in a darkling West:
The day is not forever, lo! and night
Lurks in the paths where man hath tasted light.

"Ah, little one, and wilt thou proffer
To darkness and to gloom
The whiteness of thy cheek? give o'er sweet
Infancy's tender bloom
To winter's withering touch? Shall sorrow weep
The gentle flame of those blue eyes to sleep?

"Nay, little one, earth is not home for
Flowers that bloom like thee:
Thou shalt put off the flesh while
Radiant infancy
Is thine; thou shalt take wings and fly afar
With me to Heaven, where starlet calls to star.

"Nay, mourn him not, O ye who gave him
 Birth: bid all grief depart;
 Give back to God, give back to Heaven
 This jewel of your heart;
 He was a flower hither blown from Heaven,
 Loaned to your love, but to the earth not given.

"Where you shall lay him, like a garden
 Radiant be his tomb;
 Bright be the spot where he is sleeping—
 Bright with perpetual bloom:
 Ah me! Naught is more kind to him than death,
 Whose soul fled as it came—God's purest breath!"

Thus spoke the Angel, when, outspread his
 Wings with the precious prey
 Adorned, beyond the stars he soars to
 God's eternal day:
 Oh, weep not, dearest Mother, thou hast given
 An angel to thy God, a child to Heaven!

—Translation by H. G. Sandkuehler, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

Father Casey rounded up his boys under the old oak trees near the pier to await the belated Minnehaha. The steamer-ride home in the glorious moonlight was to be the last item in the program of the servers' picnic.

What a day it had been! Not a boy had been needed to be called twice that morning, though they were to rise at the uncanny hour of half past four. A quarter after five saw them at the rectory where the automobiles of obliging parishioners were waiting to hurry them to the dock. There they boarded the Minnehaha and were in due time landed at the picnic grounds. It would be superfluous to tell how they spent the day. They were American boys on a picnic; and what is a picnic for an American boy but a lunch and a baseball game and a swim, and then another lunch and another game and another swim, and then of course, if there was anything left in the baskets, a final lunch!

A splendid group of boys they were, lying there thoroughly exhausted upon the grass, with their sun-browned arms and faces, their close-cropped hair, their bodies lithe and supple from constant healthy exercise, and their frank open gaze telling of hearts clean and honest.

"If we were Boy Scouts, we could be out here in the woods all the time, couldn't we?" cried a slender lad who could count the times that he had been out of sight of the brick walls and dusty pavements of the city.

"Father, is it a sin to join the Boy Scouts?" queried another.

"Surely not to join the Catholic Boy Scouts—with the permission of your parents," replied Father Casey.

"Is there a Catholic Boy Scouts?" asked several of the boys at once springing to their feet.

"There is a society of Catholic Boy Scouts in some places," said the priest. "However, the organization of the Boy Scouts, as universally known in this country, is non-sectarian."

"Is it a sin to join them?" urged the persistent questioner.

Father Casey answered this question by another, a favorite practice of his, by the way.

"What is the greatest treasure that God has given you?"

No boy that had gone through Father Casey's catechism class would hesitate a moment as to the correct answer to this question.

"My holy Catholic faith," returned the lad proudly.

"If your holy Catholic faith is the greatest treasure that God has given you, what should you do with it?"

"Prize it above everything else and take good care of it," returned the boy.

"If you prize it above everything else and take good care of it," continued the priest, "you will never, whether as boy or man, join any society where all the members do not believe with you that our Catholic faith is the greatest treasure that God has ever given us."

"Isn't it a pity," murmured a poetic youth who loved story books better even than baseball, "that the Catholic Church hasn't a society that appeals to the noble and chivalric side of our nature like the Boy Scouts!"

"A pity!" cried Father Casey. "Why, boy, there is not a single good idea in the Boy Scouts' organization that did not originate with the Catholic Church."

"Is that so, Father?" he asked eagerly.

"Most assuredly. In fact all the best features of the Boy Scouts' organization were put in practice hundreds of years ago in the institution of knighthood."

"Father, is knighthood Catholic?"

"As Catholic as the Church itself."

"Father, I didn't know knighthood was Catholic," cried half a dozen boys at once.

"Then you never knew what knighthood was," commented the priest.

"Father, tell us about it," they pleaded.

Nothing loath, the good priest took his seat on a fallen tree and began:

"Knighthood was an institution of the middle ages—the ages of faith. It had its origin in the desire of men in the world to practise the virtues and enjoy the ennobling advantages of the monastic life, as far as this was possible for them. Manly strength and worth, candor and courage were the characteristic virtues of the knight, and in him those virtues were ennobled by the Catholic spirit, by charity, piety, and humility."

"Father Casey is talking about knights!" The word was whispered round and the eager listeners crowded one another to get near the speaker in order not to lose one word of the wonderful story.

"In imitation of the monk in the monastery," Father Casey was saying, "the knight made a vow. His vow was to be pious, to wrong no man, to assist the poor, to protect the widow and the orphan, children, women, travellers, the clergy, and the oppressed, and to defend the rights of Holy Church. He bound himself to be truthful, loyal, and just, to further the interests of his native country, to obey its lawful rulers, and never to enter the service of a foreign prince.

"Such was the duty of the knight. None was eligible but a man of noble blood, blameless life, and thorough military training. The religious spirit of the age and the leaning towards fraternal organizations soon made knighthood so popular that kings and emperors deemed it an honor to be styled knight. Knightly deeds were celebrated in song and story. On hearing the narration of such feats, every lad felt his blood boil in his veins and longed for an opportunity of proving himself worthy of the knightly rank. Some of the finest stories you boys have ever read were composed in the days 'when knighthood was in flower'. For instance, 'King Arthur and his twelve knights of the Round Table'."

"Yes, Father," they cried. "Ah, if we had only lived in those days!"

"Ha, take care!" laughed the priest. "There was no place for lazy, impertinent, or comfort-loving boys among the knights—nor for boys that did not know how to do what they were told. A boy had to pass

through fourteen years of strenuous training before he could be knighted."

"Tell us, Father, what the boys had to do during the fourteen years they were learning to be knights."

"Well, first of all, the boy was left with his mother until he was seven years old so that he could master his prayers and catechism, and learn to be kind, polite, and gentle. Then, for fear that he would become sissified, he was taken from his mother and handed over to a knight for seven years. During this time he was called a page. His duty was to accompany the knight on his hunting expeditions, to wait on him and his wife at table, and between times, to take religious instruction from the chaplain, and lessons in the use of arms from a sort of drill master. You may be sure this drill master gave the boy no occasion to become idle or effeminate. He imposed upon the young aspirant to knighthood painful and wearisome exercises calculated to harden his body and accustom his will to bear up without complaint under sufferings and privations. At the same time the knight's wife took care that the lad did not forget, amid this military training, the lessons of politeness and gentleness learned from his lady mother.

"At the age of fourteen he was led before the altar, a sword was blessed and girded upon him, and he received the title of squire, signifying that he was capable of bearing arms. Now he was obliged to perfect himself in every knightly accomplishment, whether of the field or of the court. For this purpose he accompanied his knight master on the battlefield and at the tournament, and sat with the family and guests in the castle hall.

"Had he shown himself faithful to his duties as squire—obedient, courageous, upright, and pure—he could hope after seven years of this service, at about the age of twenty-one, to become a full fledged knight.

"He prepared himself for the great ceremony of knighthood by a General Confession and the reception of Holy Communion and by four days of fasting coupled with prayer and almsgiving. During these four days of serious thought and salutary reflection upon the great eternal truths, he three times changed his uniform. It was first white, signifying that his conduct as a knight must be ever pure and unsullied in the sight of God; then red, in token of the readiness of the knight to shed his blood for the holy faith; then black, to call to his mind the solemn thought of death.

"The ceremony of knighthood took place, as a rule, in the presence of a distinguished gathering of bishops, knights, and noble ladies. On the morning of the long-wished-for day he knelt at the altar and took the solemn vow of which I spoke a few moments ago. Thereupon the knights buckled on his armour, and the noble ladies presented him with mailed gloves and golden spurs. Thus arrayed, he knelt once more while his liege lord struck him on neck and shoulder with the flat of his sword three distinct times in the name of God, and in the name of St. Michael and St. George, the patrons of knighthood, saying at the same time: 'I dub thee sir knight'. The blessed sword was then handed to him while these words were recited:

'For God and for Our Lady fair,
This trusty blade, this only bear.
Be pious, loyal, brave, upright,
A squire no more, henceforth a knight.'

"The new-made knight rose to assume the remaining insignia of his rank—helmet, shield, and lance. Though weighted down with his heavy coat of mail, he turned to his war horse, which had been led up behind him over the clanging pavement, and sprang lightly into the saddle. Then he rode out to receive the joyous ovation of the multitude."

The boys were hanging breathless on Father Casey's lips. They had forgotten the exciting games of the day and were back amid the plunging war horses, and splintering lances of mediaeval tournaments. When the priest paused, they pressed him to continue.

"Father Casey, Father Casey, what—what did the knight do then?"

"He either lived at home in his strong castle built on some steep cliff, or he rode forth to hunt, to take part in knightly tournaments, to fight for his country, or to defend the helpless and oppressed. He seldom allowed himself to be seen abroad without being encased in armour from head to foot; even his face was covered by the iron vizor, and he could be recognized only by the coat-of-arms on his shield. At home the true knight of the middle ages was exact in his exercises of Christian piety. He assisted at daily Mass with manly reverence. He approached the sacraments preparatory to risking his life on the battlefield. At death, he left orders to be buried beneath the pavement of the church or within some monastic enclosure in order that many pious prayers might be offered for the repose of his soul. When a knight was made prisoner, he was not thrown into chains, but

allowed to go about at will on giving his word that he would not attempt to escape; for the word of the knight was held to be stronger than links of steel.

"Truly dreadful was the punishment inflicted upon the knight who should show himself unworthy of his high dignity. He was placed on a platform and despoiled of his weapons one by one. His shield, after the coat-of-arms had been effaced, was fastened to the tail of a decrepit old horse and dragged through the mud. Three times the herald called aloud the name of the degraded knight, and each time he added, 'The man who stands here cannot be he, for this is a perjurer, a traitor, and a renegade'. Water was then poured over his head as though to wash away his knightly character, and he was wrapped in a winding sheet, and the funeral rites were performed over him as though he were already dead. After he had been thus degraded, and, as it were, un-knighted, he could be turned over to the civil authorities for trial and execution.

"When a true knight died, his body, encased in armour from head to foot, was laid out in state upon a bier surrounded by lighted tapers and all the insignia of knightly rank. After a Requiem Mass the dead knight was borne in solemn procession to his last resting place while all the church and monastery bells tolled out from far and near, and his faithful steed, covered with a heavy black cloth, followed slowly after the coffin.

"Thus, my boys, did the knight of old lead a life full of thrilling adventures in this world and dies with every assurance of a life of glory in the world to come."

"Gee, why didn't I live then, so I could be a knight!" cried a freckle-faced youth, who answered to the unknightly name of Skinny Fritz. "With my trusty blade I'd carve myself a name!" and he flourished a baseball bat within alarming proximity of Reginald Bower's curly locks.

"You can be a knight today just as well as in the middle ages," said Father Casey.

"Aw, Father, you can't," retorted the boy. "If you'd go down the street with a war horse and your armour on and a big lance, the cops 'ud run you in!"

"It is not the armour and lance that make a knight," said Father Casey, "but devotion to religion and loyalty to country, love of God and filial reverence for God's Mother, sympathy for the helpless and

afflicted, honesty, truthfulness, purity, self-restraint, gentleness, courage. These are the virtues that make a knight. These are the virtues that are taught you in St. Mary's Parish School, and, thank God, you are not slow to learn them. I took note of your knightly conduct today, the piety with which you joined in those few prayers we said this morning in church, the patriotic ardor with which you hailed 'Old Glory,' your generosity in sharing your lunch with those poor children, your self-restraint when the umpire's decision went against you, your clean language, your modesty when preparing for a swim. Maybe I am prejudiced in favor of my boys, but I expect to see everyone of them, when he graduates from St. Mary's School, to be as true a knight as any that ever broke a lance upon the lists."

"We're Father Casey's knights," cried Skinny Fritz. "Hurrah for Father Casey!"

And the three ringing cheers that rose from three dozen lusty throats drowned the whistle of the good ship Minnehaha.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

A PRAYER FOR UNITY

ST. JOHN, XVII, 20-23

Our Lord and His apostles have just taken the Last Supper together. Judas has already laid in train the plot which will deliver His Lord and God to death. The apostles are disconsolate; but Our Lord thinks of them and of us and prays: "As thou hast sent me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify myself that they also may be sanctified in truth."

Instead of grieving for Himself, He spends the last hours of His life in praying for us. *Why was He sent* into the world? Was it not to save our souls, that would otherwise have been lost? Why did He send His apostles? Was it not that they might continue His work? And how would He save us? By transmitting to us His heavenly truth. But He was not satisfied with the mere wish. Not satisfied merely to send His apostles. He wanted to show us *how earnest* was that wish and therefore He adds: "For them do I sanctify myself." That means: For them do I sacrifice myself. See how that term is used in the Holy Scriptures: Exodus, XIII, 2 and XXVIII 38. Deuteronomy XV, 19 and XXII 9. See how He repeatedly insists on this sacrifice, as if it were His life-long aspiration! How often does He speak of His death even when the apostles shrink from it in horror. "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep" (John X, 11. Also VI, 52 and XV 13 and I Epistle, III, 16). Lest we think these words lightly spoken, He goes further. He wishes His apostles to acquire that same devotion, that same spirit of sacrifice: "That they also may be sanctified in truth". St. Paul caught this spirit and will serve as an example for all who labor in the cause of Christ's holy truth: "Yea, and if I be made a victim upon the sacrifice and

service of your faith, I rejoice and congratulate with you all" (Philippians II. 17). Surely it should fill us with joy to think that Our Saviour remembered us in a moment so solemn; in a prayer so tender; with love so devoted. Nor need we allow that joy to be diluted by the vague apprehension that perhaps He is praying for His apostles alone and not for us. Why no! He is praying for the success of His great work: the salvation of souls till the end of time; and so we are clearly included. But rest assured: He tells it more plainly in His own words: "And not for them alone do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me. That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may know that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given to them, that they may be one as we also are one. I in them and thou in me, that they may be perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me". One thought is uppermost in His mind and heart: unity. Those He loves should be one; they should make every sacrifice to remain in unity. Then that is truly *His church* which shows most concern about unity; which makes every sacrifice in the interests of unity. That church cannot be His which throws unity to the winds; which dares to rend the bonds of unity and break away to form a community of its own. When Christ prays for unity, those who dissolve unity cannot be truly Christian (20-21).

Unity of all in faith: "And not for them alone do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me; that they all may be one."

For whom is He praying? You might have envied the apostles that happiness of hearing Our Lord praying for them so earnestly and lovingly. But there is no room for envy left now. Our Lord expressly says: "Not for them alone do I pray, but for them also who shall believe in me". He makes no exception, no restriction; He prays for all who believe. For all who believe in the Bible alone? He says: "Their" word. Out of the twelve apostles then present, only about five ever wrote any portion of the Bible; and for these, their writing formed only a very incidental part of their ministry. He says: Their "word". There is no distinction between the written and the spoken word; simply, their word, and this in either form. *What does He pray for?* "That they all be one." It were almost clear enough had He simply stated that we should all be united. But that word was not strong enough nor impressive enough for Him. There are so many things that can dissolve a union. Especially among men; often the veriest trifle severs ties that once seemed strong as steel. Therefore He distinctly says: They must be one. They are to be held together, not only by the frail gossamer threads of free will; but they must be forged and welded together into a unity and oneness; the unity of some definite organism defined by Himself; the oneness of some actual body. You may think that we are pressing the word too much: the word "one" may merely be a slip of the tongue, or a makeshift that means almost anything indefinite. True: so it might be had one of us used it. But once it is used by Our Lord we must first inquire what are his usual ideas on the subject. Here is a fair sample: "I am the vine and you are the branches: he that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit" (John XV, 5). So he really means more than union; he wants a unit, a oneness of organism. How often does St. Paul revert to this subject! "Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member" (I Cor. XII, 27). All must merge into this unit: all men, all nations. A unit born of the one word of harmonious truth; not of the strident, discordant and contradictory words of all those whimsical systems that have sprung into being within the last few centuries. A unit cemented by the act of believing; hence an act of faith that can unite men; not a faith so vague and undefined as to encourage division. A unit terminating in Christ, but in the true Christ; with all His teaching, and all His laws, and all His sacraments, and His divinity.

Unity in love. "As thou Father in me and I in thee, that they also

may be one in us." What a model He holds out for this unity! Men may remonstrate with our ideas of unity, as championed by the Catholic Church. They may protest that such unity will bring all to a dead level; that it stifles all freedom and individuality—and what not. But no matter!

Our Lord's words are plain. 1.) *The Model*. You might imagine that He were demanding much if He wanted unity only as much as possible among men of earth. You might think it exorbitant if he asked the unity which joined the angels of heaven in unclouded bliss. Nevertheless the creatures of heaven and earth, be they ever so exalted could furnish no pattern that would meet the wishes of His Sacred Heart. Nothing short of the Triune God himself! We must be one as God is one; as Father and Son are one. Surely they are one in all matters of mind and heart. Then don't complain that our Catholic doctrine lowers all to a common dead level; rather be proud to think that she raises our aims so high. Any sacrifice made in the cause of unity does not lower us—just the contrary, it elevates our souls to a new resemblance with God. And more. 2.) *The Bond*. Our unity must be worthy of the bond that unites us. No one will have a coal set in gold or a diamond in a ring of tin. The gem must suit its mounting. But we are all to be one in God himself. Then our unity must be worthy of God; it must be sincere and true. The hand that is raised to shatter this bond, is raised against God himself; and the voice that preaches rebellion and secession cannot be the voice of Jesus Christ. Then whoever truly loves God and loves Our Lord Jesus Christ must also desire that the unity of Christendom be again restored.

Unity that is visible. "That the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

A Unity so *evident* that all the world must grasp it. Now surely a hidden spiritual unity alone would not win the notice of our hard matter of fact world. Only God is a searcher of reins and hearts. A unity so *irresistibly evident* that even the world so hostile to Christ must be reduced to silence. The world so coarse and material in all its views and aims can be reached only by something striking and sensibly impressive. The world rushed madly to California or the Klondike in quest of gold; but to seek for some invisible, intangible unity hidden away in the hearts of some unknown individuals,—no, not that! Besides such an invisible and spiritual thing is not at all to the taste of the world; and it is rather to her interest not to find it. A unity so *instructively evident* that even the world must catch its lesson and admit that Christ was sent into the world; I admit that it was God who sent him; I admit that this is the work of God. A unity so *surprisingly evident* as well nigh to take the place of a miracle; for at other times Our Lord appeals to miracles in proof of his divine mission; and now He is willing to stake all on this unity. Now surely a unity on principles of "choose as you please", a unity bolstered up by all sorts of latitudinarian concessions; a unity based on the license to differ,—while it hardly deserves the name of unity—would not be so wonderful, would not bespeak the work of God. But a unity grounded on the submission of faith, determined by obedience to all of Christ's laws, insured by the sanctity of His sacraments; such unity embracing all the nations of earth spite of all obstacles arising from national or individual peculiarities, such unity is the work of God alone. We know well enough how the *world judged* Christendom. Origen wrote a work against the philosopher Celsus. The philosopher had observed the number of sects and made this point a subject for his bitterest sneers: "At first when they were yet few in number, they were all of one mind. But as their numbers grew they broke up into factions. One condemned the other. They retained nothing in common save their name." Such liberty and such confusion will not convince the world that Christ has come and that His work yet lives. Will this not tell us which is the true church of Christ? Surely the one that stands for unity and has set her face steadily against division. Can those be men of God who

will refuse to grant the prayer of Christ? And while He is praying for unity, will anyone dare deny Him that little boon? dare to rend the unity so sacred in His eyes?

Nor is He content with this prayer: see now how He repeats it with even greater emphasis on every point.

He gave us all. "And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given to them, that they may be one as we also are one."

A moment ago we heard His prayers; now see all He gave us; and recognize in *His gifts* a new obligation to unity. He made us *children of God*. A while ago He pleaded: "And now glorify thou me, O Father, with thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with thee" (v 5 preced.). Before His eyes floated the ravishing vision of heaven, resplendent with the glory of God, the glory due Our Lord as the Only Begotten Son, equal to the Father in all. Just one furtive glance did the apostles gain of this glory: "And we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth" (I, 14). And this He wanted to share with us: "But as many as received Him He gave them the power to be made the sons of God." In order to make us truly children of God He invested us with His own divine nature in as far as a creature can share it: "Grace to you, and peace be accomplished in the knowledge of God and of Christ Jesus our Lord . . . by whom he hath given us most great and precious promises: that by these you may be made partakers of the divine nature" (II Peter I, 2-4). Now could he hope that His heavenly Father would acknowledge our new rank and clasp us to his bosom in fatherly affection; thus His arms and love would bind His children in closer unity. No true child would dare break away then and sow division when so highly honored and so dearly loved! He gathered His children round a *heavenly Table*. At a banquet table spite and discord are forgotten and love reigns supreme and so would He fain secure us all against the dread serpent of dissension. He has just risen from the Supper table where He had instituted the Blessed Sacrament, His Heart still beating with that boundless love that made Him become our Food. The meaning of it all is clear: his anxiety that we should love one another, that we should be welded in bonds of indissoluble love could not express itself more clearly. Once He said: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him" (VI, 57). Could unity and oneness be formulated more exquisitely? And so St. Paul caught up His idea: "The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of Christ? For we being many, are one bread; one body, all who partake of one bread" (I Cor. X 16-17). Now we may vaguely surmise the meaning of that clause: "That they may be one as we also are one." That love of Father for children and children for one another should ward off all disunion. Then truly, those who broke up the unity of Christendom were not animated by the spirit of Jesus Christ; they sundered child from child and left only deadliest hate where Our Lord had implanted unity.

Perfect Unity. "I in them and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one." Examine cause and effect:

1. *The cause.* "I in them." How often does he repeat this thought: "Abide in me and I in you". Men oftentimes declaim about unity and preach only division; because the unity they plead for is but a fancy of their own devising; it is not the unity demanded by Jesus Christ. He would hardly urge unity without laying down the lines along which this unity was to be maintained. And these lines He pointed out plainly: "If you keep my commandments, you shall abide in my love" (XV, 10). His plan and single test is the one which God has applied all along. By the test of humble submission the angels were sifted. By the test of obedience Adam fell. By the test of humble obedience did Jesus Christ restore to men the heritage they had lost. Where children will obey, unity will not be marred. Where passion inspires a child to revolt,

peace is flown. "Thou in me." This double chord should knit us together more closely; and proclaims all the more loudly God's infinite horror for the one who should sever the unity he deigns to cement. Then we are prepared to notice 2.) *the unity effected*. "That they may be made perfect in one." Heretofore He had prayed that men might become one; now he adds: even perfect in one. Nothing short of perfection will meet His wishes. How ragged and shabby and distasteful must those plans of union be which men imagine; plans that are loose and arbitrary; drawn up by one party only to be scouted by another; framed this year only to be discarded in the next. Perhaps the closest approach to a realization of this unity is to be found in the early church, when all "had but one heart and one soul" (Acts IV, 32). Such unity was possible only because "they were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles and in the communication of the breaking of the bread, and in prayers" (Acts II, 42). Had they too claimed the privilege of framing their own doctrine, had they claimed the right to secede such unity would have been impossible. As a matter of fact those who assumed to sunder this unity, by setting up another doctrine promptly found they were no longer of the true fold; by their revolt they had broken with the church of Christ.

Luminous Unity. "That the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." No ordinary unity could do all this. We see His concern for the salvation of the world: and many a convert was brought into the fold of the church just in consequence of this wonderful unity. But the world must learn not only the fact that Our Lord was sent into the world as we have seen above, but also how much the heavenly Father loved His children on earth; that He loved them as He loved His Only Begotten Son.

The peace and harmony among the children of a family is the best evidence for the love with which their father provides for them all. When his children would rather make any sacrifice than part from their father's house they furnish the brightest proof that their father has loved them all. Above all however when we realize that Our heavenly Father has *given us Jesus Christ* as a victim to die for our sins and offer the atonement we could never have presented, it is then we also realize that He truly loved us as much as His Son. For we measure a person's love for a thing by the price he is ready to pay for it. Now the unity of His church must be a reflex, a reminder, an expositor of this love before all the world. "In this we have known the charity of God, because he hath laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren" (1 ep. of St. John III, 16). A unity and love that is not content with offering an easy contribution of a few thousand dollars from inexhaustible millions; but a love so deep and true that will inspire the lonely widow to stint herself just to offer her humble mite, that will inspire the laborer with the wish to offer of his sweat and toil, that will inspire generous hearts with the heroic resolve to abandon all this world can offer them just to serve their brethren all the more freely, that will inspire many noble hearts with the courage to sacrifice their very lives as missionaries and as martyrs. When men will say: See how they love one another; the only explanation can be the principle of St. John: "My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another." Once heaven opened above Our Lord and the voice of the Father was heard: "Behold this is my well beloved Son in whom I am well pleased". The world is crowded with conflicting sects born of yesterday. Would heaven open which of them would be recognized? We have seen the Sacred Heart laid bare before us; we have heard Our Lord explain his darling wish: unity, unity, unity. All through the ages this was the battle cry, the one concern of Our Catholic church. And from the depths of the Sacred Heart we can hear the sweet assurance: This alone is my well beloved Spouse!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

THE RENAISSANCE

It may be looked upon as unpardonable to fail to accept the principles of evolution in all its ramifications, and to fail to reconstruct from them laws of progress as eternal as God Himself. There has, however, been a whispered hesitancy here and there in accepting this modern dictate. There are men who doubt the physical superiority of a soldier of today over the knight of old whose armor would exhaust the stoutest European warrior in an hour; there are those who willingly accept the taunt of intellectual blindness by considering St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, Roger Bacon superior to any of our modern philosophers; there are literary judges still who place the *Divina Comedia* above anything written in generations. Of course, modern times are far advanced over Mediaevalism, but if at his death the heir of a million is not wealthier than was his father it speaks bad for the heir.

Modern times must be grateful for the legacy they have received and "give honor to whom honor is due." It is safe to limit modern times to the last four centuries. They bear a uniform method of progress and are characterized by the spirit that brought them into existence. A right view of the period of transition called the Renaissance will let us better understand modern achievements.

THE PREPARATION.

Entering this transitional period you meet a new system of polity and two distinct ideals struggle for the mastery. When Alexander stood on the shores of the Indus and wept because there were no more lands to conquer, he created an empire whose unity was founded on force; when Rome gathered to itself all that it considered civilized, it created an empire whose unity was preserved by policy; when Jesus established His church he created the empire of men whose unity is love. On the eight hundredth anniversary of Christ's birth Pope Leo III. welded both empires by placing on the head of Charles the Great the imperial diadem. Then was created the ideal which dominated the Middle Ages. Each man was ruled by an anointed king and his liberties were protected by God's representative on earth. It is human to fail. Kings encroached on sacred rights and subjects lost their reliance on kings. Abandoned, the kings sought security in organized public protection. With that initiative national monarchy was born. The struggle of nationality against empire was open and, though not so evident, lurks even in the European catastrophe of today.

Holy Church guided by the principles of justice has at all times found it her duty to support existing authority. And it has been her misfortune too often to be considered allied with powers against the oppressed. Thus it was in the present case. Men forgot the hand that smote them. They soon forgot against whom they held their grievance and in rejecting temporal authority began little by little to condemn that of the Church and ultimately even that of God.

Learning likewise fell into incompetent hands. The profound philosophy and theology bequeathed from the thirteenth century was abandoned for metaphysical quibbles. Men became dissatisfied and left themselves open to the vague gropings of "Humanism".

THE RENAISSANCE.

We are now in a position to understand the Renaissance. Assuredly, it did not consist of any new development of mental power or acumen. For profound learning there was none at the time that could even make pretence at comparison with the giant intellects of the earlier period. From St. Anselm to Scotus there is a very galaxy of master minds each of whom have left writings which the world is yet admiring and will continue to admire for years to come.

It is equally wrong to attribute the new movement to the revival of the classics. Humanism was aesthetic. It pleased in presentation. It was a medium for popularity. It had form but lacked substance. It is noteworthy that not one classic in any department has come down to us from the age of the Renaissance which commenced about the middle of the fifteenth century. Humanism was at most the channel through which the spirit of the time was transmitted.

The Franciscan Friar, Roger Bacon, was two centuries before his time. He championed, in the thirteenth century, experimental science and advocated positive knowledge. He is hailed by moderns who know anything of him as "the most important phenomenon of the Middle Ages". It was not, therefore, a decidedly new thing that the Renaissance world was doing when it turned from abstractions to a closer observance of nature. But, as logic held sway during the Middle Ages, so it yielded its place of prominence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to positivism. The prevalence of the latter was due partly to the nature of the science which was more palpable to the uneducated and admitted of wild vagaries and easier themes for light heads and facile pens; partly, to the invention of print which made

duplication easy, and of paper, which made copies cheap. The Renaissance, therefore, consisted in an independent spirit of inquiry centered on the phenomena of nature.

THE DEVELOPMENT.

This spirit necessarily was modified by the circumstances in which it found itself. And this accounts in large measure for the sharp contrasts which the age presents.

The Pope was tossed about at the will of princes. Political factions at Rome contrived to make his home the most uncomfortable of places. And the murderer of Boniface achieved his purpose equally well by harboring Clement. With such examples in high quarters it was easy for subjects to be so absorbed by paganizing influences as fully to obscure Christian sentiment. So engrossed did these writers become in the study of the early classics that they with impunity attacked authority whilst advocating a radical return to pagan thought and pagan manners. Such was the excess to which this led that in many circles literary culture was deemed incompatible with Christian Faith.

It would be an injustice to the times to stop here and characterize the age by this spirit of liberalism. The circles in which literary humanism was sustained revived the classics with no less energy than did the humanists. But the deep conviction of the truth of religion was kept alive in their hearts and they sought in the new culture a new expression of their faith. Men of every age and condition became apostles of the Renaissance. "They went," says Wimpfeling, "from canton to canton and from country to country, spreading the good news everywhere, everywhere exalting the excellence and nobility of the arts and sciences, and praising all the benefits to be derived from their encouragement and development."

Each nation adopted "the new learning" according to its national spirit. "Germany," says Baudrillart, "was never more prolific of remarkable men. Having been formed in the old school, they, at least, were still for the most part convinced Christians. Thanks to printing, their ideas were scattered broadcast. The diffusion of religious books preceded that of the classics; the Bible was republished more than a hundred times between 1452 and 1500, in 28 Latin and 16 German editions (which proves by the way that it was translated and read in the vulgar tongue long before Luther)".

At the dispute of Leipsic in 1519 the two elements of the Renaissance were clearly defined. The one taking sides with the religious disturbers became the mainstay of Protestantism; whilst the other assimilating the good which it found was the prop and support of the great religious reformation in the Church during the sixteenth century.

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

CHRISTMAS REVERIES

Whenever I kneel before the Crib these Christmas days, there comes to my mind a single line of a beautiful hymn:

"God now a child!"

It is the whole mystery of Christmas in a nutshell. The simplicity of it is overwhelming and it fairly awakens the faculty of wonder. How is it possible that God should become a child!

No one can say just how it is possible. If we could, there would be no mystery about it. That we cannot, however, is no proof that it is not so. Do you see that rose in all its glory of color and grace and fragrance? It was a black, hard, ungraceful seed a while ago. How did it become the rose? No man knows the alchemic process. Are our eyes liars, then? Are we merely deceiving ourselves? It has not become a rose! Some elf or fairy has slipped a rose here while we winked our eyes!—No; though no one can say just how it happened, happen it did: the seed became the rose.—So with the Infant Saviour in the manger this Christmas night. It is God made man—really and truly—despite our ignorance of the process.

I do not mean to say that God ceased to be God and now has become naught but a feeble human child. By no means. That would be heresy; it would be folly; it would be downright absurdity. No one in his senses could believe such a thing—least of all men like the Fathers, the Doctors, the Theologians and Scientists of the Church in all ages. No, God the Son did not cease to be God this Christmas night to become a mere human child in the crib by the roadside of Bethlehem. But, God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, made this little human form his own; he united it to his own divine Personality in such a way that it must be called His, that its every action must be said to be His action, in the same way as every action of your hand is your action.

If that Child suffers, it is God's suffering, in the same way as a bruise on your hand is your bruise. It is not suffering in the divine nature—any more than the bruise on your hand is a bruise on your mind.

A soldier comes home from the war and we listen entranced to the recital of heroic deeds done at the front. "It was at Mons," he says; "we charged; I carried the flag; they tried to tear it from my grasp; I would not give it up. They stabbed at me with bayonets, they hacked at me with swords. See," he continues, opening his shirt to bare his breast, "there is the scar." How your nerves twitch and thrill and your breast heaves. That scar speaks volumes. It is *his* mark of heroism, a mark far nobler than the Iron Cross. Yet, it is but a scar on his body; only the soul makes it valuable, the heroic soul to which that scar belongs.

So every whimper, every tremor, every pang in that little Infant's body as it lies there on the straw this rough Christmas night, is God's. It is not the divine nature that trembles with the cold, or that is pricked by the rough straw; But the baby hands, the baby body, the baby face which God has made his very own, these suffer. These bear the scars which His heroic, infinite love for man have won for Him when He came to save us.

But how can God unite a human nature so intimately with His Divinity? Will we plate a golden chalice with common iron? How then, will even God be able to clothe His divine powers in the garments of mortal flesh—to hide His divine Wisdom in human shortsightedness? Is it not unintelligible? Indeed. Still, there is no mystery—thanks to God's goodness and thanks to the unity of all truth—there is no mystery in our faith which we cannot show to be reasonably credible, by vague analogies in the things around us.

Our own being, reverently examined, broadens our vision. We are made up of soul and body, united in one nature and personality. Yet how vastly different these two yokefellows are! The one is sluggish as the slime of the earth of which it is made; the other, freer than bird on wing, stronger than eagle in his sunward flight, can soar in the realms of thought and fancy till it flutters against the very bars of heaven. And still, these two, so dissimilar, are yoked in a single personality in the most intimate companionship, sharing each other's burdens, sharing each other's joys.

Why should not God, then, be able to assume a human form and give it being by His own Personality?

Why not? A world, sunk in intellectual pride, draws back in pharisaic zeal for God's honor, and replies: Because it is stooping too low for God! Why should He, the divine Majesty, whom heaven and earth obey, whose power and wisdom guide the unmeasured suns through boundless space in unerring courses, why should He appear on earth dwarfed and cramped by human limitations? And while lowly shepherds kneel around the crib to adore the Infant Saviour and receive the blessings he brings, these go away empty-handed as they came empty-hearted. "Blessed," said Our Lord, "are they who shall not be scandalized in Me."

Then will our hearts, in the light of the cave, conjure up a thousand reasons why He should stoop so low. Have we not proofs enough of His majesty and power all around us? The thundering waterfalls, the snow capped mountains, the worlds aflame in the skies, the sea in calm and storm, the violet even, in its shadowy nook, in a word, all nature tells us incessantly of His power. And as death comes on apace, we feel all too crushingly the weight of His hand and the fierceness of His divine Majesty. The traces of His Might are all around us filling us with awe and dread.

But it is just His *love* which He wishes to reveal—the secrets of a God's Heart which He wishes to manifest. The secrets of hearts are more interesting anyway, than the secrets of minds and of strength. It is His Love He wished to teach us from the lowly pulpit of the crib—in accents humanly tender. And vast as are the manifestations of His power, so prodigal, so lavish, so divinely extravagant are the manifestations of His Love. For here, it is not any of His most desirable gifts, not any of heaven's enchanting treasures that He throws to us as with princely hands; but Himself He gives, He places in the Crib; that we may give Him in return our human tenderness. It is the triumph of God's Heart over the hearts of men.

However, if you are not satisfied to see a God stooping so low as to divest Himself of all His Power, look closely into the Christmas mystery and you will see the Majesty of God surrounding that feeble Babe of Bethlehem. Only the reverent see it. He is born in Bethlehem all unknown; but see, the Magi read His coming in the skies of Persia. He is born in an abandoned stable, but a Virgin brings Him forth by the overshadowing power of the Holy Spirit. Shepherd's kneel round

Him, but a myriad of angels sing His coming from the resplendent heavens. Yes, Bethlehem neglects Him, but instead, a world clings to Him with a love stronger than death.

A young Turkish girl who had been sold as a slave was cruelly beaten by her master, from whom she managed to escape. Covered with wounds and exhausted, she came to a Christian settlement, where some nuns took charge of her. After some time she asked to be baptized. Bishop Dupuch of Algeria, to whom the child made her request, hesitated, in order to test the sincerity of her wish. She pointed to a crucifix and told the Bishop that she would be true to a God who became man for her and died for her. The Bishop still refused. Then the child took his hand, touched the ring on his finger, and said: "You wear this ring constantly; you turn it as you wish upon your finger, and it never falls from your hand. So will I be a ring upon the finger of my God, turning my heart and my thought upon Him, and never, never falling away from Him, if you make me His by Baptism."

How mighty is the power of the Babe of Bethlehem! This is only one instance of millions. Who can tell the number of martyrs who died with that Infant's name on their lips—that name their strength and consolation! Who can tell the number of holy confessors throughout the ages who sat with St. Jerome in the school of the roadside Cave! Who can tell the number of virgins who have garnered life's sweetest joys and pleasures and love's most fragrant sweets to pour them all, like pearls, into the lap of that little Child!

"God now a child!" I did not see the Rose grow; but there it is fragrant on the Rod of Jesse amid the Christmas snows.

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

THE FASHION PLATE

It is, to use a colloquial phrase, "all the rage" now. We must have models, living models who will stand in some show-case dressed in the flimsy frippery that we are loath to call dress—for just this one reason, to remind vain passers-by how they are to dress if they wish to be up to the standard. There's the model—and they will come back to it again and again to see whether they approach its supposed perfection.

This is simply a wretched application of a useful truth to a miser-

able purpose. But let us apply the same truth to a nobler purpose—the acquisition of Christian holiness, of Christian virtue. It is undeniable: we must have a model, an ideal, and this model we must keep in view, to this we must come back again and again, so as not to forget just what kind of a statue we are carving out of our character in God's eyes.

Our model, our ideal, is summed up in the good resolution which we make when we set out on the path to virtue.

It is, then, not enough to make that resolution—nor even to write it and then consign it to a drawer of your dresser in which you keep odds and ends and sundries. No, that resolution must be recalled daily, that daily it may serve to clear your eye and direct your hand in the fashioning of your work of art, your character.

Every morning ought to be a new start—for every day the whole issue is at stake—every day the whole kingdom of your soul can be lost or won. This is why St. Anthony the Hermit, when dying, left to his brother monks this little bit of advice: “My dear children, so set out on each day as if that were the day on which you begin to serve God”.

The royal Palmist used to say: “And I said: now I have begun!” So must we say each morning while repeating our good resolution. What progress we shall then make! Then every effort will be well directed; the goal never lost to view; and weariness will never set in. As the flowers open their dewy petals to the morning sun, so will our hearts open each day to the sun of God's love with a freshness that will be pleasing to Him and draw down His favors on us to prosper our work.

Have you repeated your resolution today?

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

If it was one of the legislators that had voted for the Convent Inspection Bill that sent the reporter to get Bishop Kiely's opinion, he will not do so a second time. The Bishop said: “I do not know what persons are directed to make this so-called search, but if the Bill provides that a *legislative* committee make the investigation I shall of course feel called upon to insist that some gentleman should be present, for I would not think of permitting members of the legislature to go into any religious house in this diocese unless the inmates had some gentleman present upon they could call in case of necessity.”

JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Jimmy was a real boy. Everyone that knew him said so—and everyone in the thriving town of Roseville knew him either personally or by reputation. His appearance on any street was enough to cause suspicions to arise in people's minds. It seemed at such times that a great number of anxious mothers of families suddenly found occupation for their devoted progeny; and that occupation would generally be of sufficient quantity to last till Jimmy had disappeared.

The worst of it was, his looks bore out his reputation. A shock of flaming red hair, that defied the efforts of a comb, crowned a chubby face, garnished with a beautifully turned-up nose—people called it pug—a host of golden freckles and lips that seemed ever ready to bend into a radiant smile. This smile was Jimmy's best asset. Anger would be kindling in someone's eyes after the discovery of the latest prank, and when Jimmy was accosted, he had merely to smile, look at his inquisitor with those guileless, blue eyes—and ire vanished.

Jimmy was the scion of the Rafferty family, the official plumbers of Roseville, lineal descendants of the O'Rafferty's who had supported the immortal Brian Boru in his efforts against the Danes; now, however, partaking of the legal benefits of this land of the free and the brave and so democratic that long since they had dropped the aristocratic "O" from their signature. There was Mr. Rafferty, a well-to-do Catholic, influential in the town but very negligent in the practice of his religion. Loud in defense—nil in practice! Truly a member of the Church Militant but in a limited sense. Mrs. Rafferty was of that type of womanhood which Ireland, to her own national loss, has generally presented to this country, strong in faith, patient of heart, loving all and serving all in every need without heeding their faults or taking umbrage at their numerous shortcomings. She was the center of the Rafferty planetary system; and were she absent or sick or in any way incapacitated for a day, utter disruption of the domestic regularity would follow. But she never became sick or incapacitated—mothers never do. Hence Jimmy was daily neatly arranged for school, and just as regularly lost the effects—entirely superfluous in his mind—as soon as he met the first of his schoolmates bound like himself for the place of daily toil.

One fine morning in the latter part of November, when the heavy

frosts of late Autumn were already presaging the approach of snow, and crisp breezes from the North sent the blood rushing to one's cheeks, Jimmy found himself skipping blithely along on his way to school. Everything was going well to the best of his knowledge, and the happiness of such an unclouded conscience forbade anything like sedateness, especially on a morning like this. His quickness brought him to the school somewhat in advance of the rest of his comrades, and consequently almost as neat and clean as when he left home—both events were historic! A feeling of holy righteousness possessed him. With modest step he entered the building and walked quickly along the corridor leading past the door of the office Father Carney used as head of St. Philip's School. He had safely cleared the danger zone and was breathing a sigh of relief, when the sound of his name issuing from that dreaded chamber brought him to a standstill—then to a hurried response. Such a summons, in such a place, at such a time, meant one thing—he was in trouble again.

Before he had time to review the past and see what he had done that was amiss, he was standing hat in hand looking at the kindly-faced, middle-aged priest, sitting at his desk with a pile of papers in apparent disorder before him.

"Jimmy, what have you been doing now?" he asked, holding what looked like a note in his hand.

"I don't know, Father." Jimmy was busily thinking now, but memory showed nothing to the point.

"This is a note, Jimmy, which mentions a trick which you played on a woman living near this place—something in which her dog received ill-treatment," said the priest referring to the note.

Then memory revived.

"Would you mind telling me about it?" asked Father Carney.

"Well, we were going along and her dog came out and one of the fellows grabbed him. Then I remembered her door-bell rang when you pull it, so I hitched the dog to the bell with a rope and we just about got to the street when he began to pull."

Jimmy's reminiscences made him chuckle. He could again see that angry visage framed in the window of the door, and he could still hear the deep basso tones of the man of the family from some unseen region upstairs, sprinkling with unholy sounds the air. But no answer coming to his last words, Jimmy looked up to find the deep-set, earnest eyes of Father Carney resting on him. A dim, sad smile hovered on

the priest's lips—he had not forgotten his boyhood. But this trouble-making spirit in Jimmy spoke ill for the future and he feared. He knew it was not malice, but just the boy in him that would assert itself at times; his flawless sincerity and rare candidness pointed this out clearly. But still there was the future.

"I see you remember quite well. Nothing serious has happened, but take care for the future. What do you think our non-Catholic neighbors will say of a school whose pupils go about doing those things? You see, when you are outside, the honor of your school is in your hands. But it will soon be time for class. Run along to your room. I will see you later."

That sounded ominous, but Jimmy soon forgot it all. During the morning when Father Carney came in to hear the Catechism, Jimmy was in splendid condition. He had learned the lesson well—and Father Carney had a half-suspicion that he was trying to make a good impression in view of what was expected in the "later on". The rest of the class also noted the unusual occurrence, formed suppositions and wondered anew.

The class was perfect this morning and, as a reward, Father Carney said he would tell them a story. They all settled back in their seats to enjoy the treat; they knew storytelling was Father Carney's forte. It was a nice little Christmas story, with lots of boys and girls like themselves in it and a little moral which just slipped in nicely at the end. This moral suggested the making of a little gift to the Infant; presents of little self-denials, extra prayers, a little more diligence in school and at home, all of which he said were as diamonds set in gold when given to the Infant. Hearts beat high and great resolutions were made in that class that day, and Jimmy was by no means the last or least in this respect. It was wonderful to see little fellows who had never known what it was to pass a day without being in some trouble or other now with elbows jammed on the desk and hands tightly grasping their heads, steadily pouring over their lessons. "Too good to last," thought the patient sister whose duty it was to guide these young geniuses in the process of mental development. But she did not realize the cause.

Father Carney knew his audience; he had won with one effort the chivalric nature of the boys and the sympathetic hearts of the girls, and he had clinched the whole by suggesting that they ask for a gift in return. This proved a real incentive.

The results soon became apparent. As he was sitting in his office that evening after school, his thought running at random over the events of the day, Father Carney suddenly recalled that he had not sent for Jimmy Rafferty. Certain that he would be detained as usual, he sent a passing boy to the Fifth Grade; and in due time received the reply that Jimmy had gone home that evening with the rest. This was encouraging and with a great smile of consolation and pleasure—and relief, too—lighting up his countenance, he had fully determined to say nothing more about the complaint when a timid little knock at the door brought him back to the busy world and work once more.

"Come in," he said as cheerfully as he could. A shock of disheveled red hair betokened the presence of Jimmy. In a moment he was standing, hat in hand, before the priest.

"Well, Jimmy, what's the trouble?" he queried with a smile. Father Carney never believed in forcing matters.

"No trouble this time, Father,"—and he, too, smiled.

"Well, that is wonderful, to say the least. Have a seat in honor of the event."

Jimmy accepted the proffered chair without serious mishap, although this unusual honor came near unsettling his mental equilibrium.

"Now, Jimmy, we can talk with comfort, eh! A person can always explain his ideas better when he's resting, can't he, Jimmy? Now, then, what is the object of this visit—which I know means no football for you this evening." Father Carney had continued talking till he saw his little visitor was somewhat at home. This was his chance to win Jimmy and he intended to make the best of it.

"Well, Father, it happened today when you told us that story. I thought I would like to make our Lord a present, but I don't know what to do. You see, Father, I got an awful lot to ask for, too, and, well,—” Jimmy's effort had exhausted him.

"You thought it looked rather mean to ask for things and not give something in return, is that it?" Father Carney supplied.

"Yes, Father, you have it just right."

"And I suppose you would like to know what to give and how to give it?"

"Yes, Father."

"And possibly you would like to know what to ask for in return, eh, Jimmy?"

"Well, er—yes, Father." But Jimmy's hesitation showed that he thought he was well able to take care of this part of the business.

"I see. Your idea is a good one, Jimmy; and I am glad I am able to help you. Only a few little things will be necessary: for instance, how about trying to have your lessons well prepared every day—or a little better behaviour in school—not all at once, but just a little extra care? Some earnestness and a whole lot of good-will will turn the trick nicely and then what a present that will be! And as for what you should ask for, Jimmy, just ask for my intention, will you? Ask for yours, too, but put mine in an especial place in your memory."

"Yes, Father, surething," said Jimmy, all enthused and beginning already to form grand plans for his gift.

"Well then, out with you. You will just have time to hurry home, do the chores and get a kick or two at a football before dark. Remember, any time you want to see me, the door is open."

"All right, Father, good-night and thanks ever so much."

"Good-night, Jimmy," and Father Carney escorted Jimmy to the door. There, with a smile of genuine pleasure, he watched the boy scamper down the street to his home. A few minutes later as he was saying his Breviary in his study, his eyes lifted from the book and fell upon a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the gift of a missionary-friend of his. "Remember, O my Mother,"—he whispered to himself, "that your aid has never been sought in vain. If you don't hear my prayer and make a good holy priest of that boy and a pillar of the church of his father—then this will be the first time you have ever failed me. I put him in your care"—and he went on with the interrupted psalm.

December wore on. The pretty leaves were gone now, and the bleak branches had each its own fair sparkling burden of snow to support. It was nearing the Christmas-tide and the forerunning spirit of the season seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Things had gone on as usual in the school since the day of Jimmy's resolve, except once when a rash schoolmate, irritated because Jimmy refused to take part in a contemplated prank, called him "saint". The jeering tone cut deep. That night, Jimmy took a rest from his endeavors in the path of righteousness. A certain event took place in a yard not far from school, with the result that the next morning, Jimmy had a suspicious swelling on his left cheek—and the other fellow was absent. Later in the day,

a note came telling Sister Agnes he was indisposed. Jimmy had a talk with Father Carney that evening, but thanks to Father Carney's judgment in such cases, came out of it without mishap.

"You see, Father, the gang are sore 'cause I don't go with them. But I don't care. They're nothing to me. You've done more for me than they have. So I've quit them. But if they come around snickering an' calling 'sissy' behind my back—well—I'm sorry but I can't stand it. I hope it won't spoil the present."

"Don't you worry, Jimmy, just keep on trying. Don't mind them and remember this, if you were a real 'sissy' as they say, I would not care a snap for you, and I would not take the trouble to encourage you because it would be no use. Just keep on as you have been doing." That ended the evening's interview.

Later—a week before Christmas—Jimmy was about to relapse anew when Father Carney sent for him again.

"How goes it, Jimmy?" he said, after the usual preliminary of seeing his little visitor comfortably seated had been carried out.

"Pretty good, Father," said Jimmy but without much enthusiasm.

"You feel like throwing up the whole business, don't you?" said Father Carney, without noticing Jimmy's answer.

"You bet I do," said Jimmy, forgetting the conventional "yes, Father". "Dad laughs at me, the fellows are afraid to go with me—think I'll squeal, I guess—Sister Agnes thinks I'm a fake and I—I—" Jimmy ran his hand through his hair, swung his legs aimlessly in space beneath the big chair and looked the picture of disgraceful defeat.

"That leaves your mother and myself still unaccounted for; what do we think?"

"Gee, Father, I never thought of that, but I guess it's just about the same."

"That's pleasant. In other words we are turning our backs on you."

"Well, I didn't mean just that, Father"—Jimmy was now thoroughly disgusted with himself.

"Now, Jimmy, my boy, wake up! Here is a health-restorer. Do you see that card on my table—over there near your side—that's it?"

"Yes, Father."

"That is your report for the month of November. It says that you are excellent in three of your branches and very good in the rest; and what is more, it has excellent marked after Conduct and Application.

Sister Agnes sent a note saying that you really did not deserve quite that high in the last two items, but that you had made such progress and on the whole behaved so well, she could give it to you without fear. That settles one of your ideas. For the rest I am not bothered. Now I have a little scheme that will show you what *I* think. I would like to have more servers at the altar. How would you like to be one?"

Jimmy's eyes opened. He had never dreamed of this. Usually one had to be a big boy and have lots of qualifications for this honor.

"Gosh, Father," he gasped, "that would be swell."

"Very good, so you agree. Tomorrow, then, I will teach you some of the prayers. We have about ten days to prepare for Christmas. If you work hard we will have you serving on Christmas. Keep up the good work and don't forget my intention now, will you?"

Jimmy heartily promised not to forget. When he found himself on the doorstep once more homeward-bound, he wondered, "I wonder if I thanked him—I bet I forgot". But as he could not recall the final incidents of the meeting, he let it go and thought only of the great news. Father Carney had said something about taking a skate, he remembered; but that was out of the question with such great issues burdening his mind. At any rate confidence was restored. He skipped joyfully down the street, slid over glassy areas of ice, jumped in little snow drifts, and landed on his own doorstep with a final thump that spoke eloquently of his happy state of mind. In a minute he had told his secret to his mother and then in the intervals between preparations for supper they chatted together the plans for the future, plans which seemed to center about a certain cassock and surplice that were soon to be his. Of course it was to be a surprise on father; but a surprise which Mrs. Rafferty could anticipate only with misgiving.

One evening a few days later, Father Carney was just settling back in his chair to take a short rest after the day's work. It was twilight, that precious interval between day and night which seems to afford natural enticements to mental repose. The day's work was not yet finished, so the respite must be short. As various events were beginning to reenact themselves upon the screen of memory, the sudden imperative sound of the phone-bell brought him hurriedly to his feet. It was not an urgent sick-call—no sick-call at all. Mr. Rafferty just wished to speak with him for a few moments. He was returning home and would drop in on his way. In ten minutes he would be there.

Punctually ten minutes later the door-bell rang and Father Carney

met his visitor. Together they entered the neat little study, warm with its cozy little fire and altogether home like. Mr. Rafferty, business-like, came to the point at once.

"Father, we have not met very often."

"Well, that's nothing. You know the number of my parishioners is large."

"And you know as well as I that that is not the reason. The fact is, Father, I have been a very poor specimen of a Catholic. Success in business turned my head these many years and I have scarcely given religion a thought. Of course I went to my duties every year, but I suppose it was more from habit or perhaps a superstitious fear of something that might happen to me if I failed. Lately I have noticed several things, but the greatest and most remarkable of all is the change that has come over my boy Jimmy. A month ago, I could reasonably count on four or five complaints a week concerning his conduct. I did not mind that much—boys are boys, that's all there is to it—but I remarked that careless air, that lack of definite purpose, already beginning to appear and showing no good sign of future success. Lately his reports are excellent, his conduct is decidedly improved and he has some definite object in his mind toward the attainment of which all his thoughts are focussed. Unknown to the rest of the family I have been observing him. Two things I noticed, he says his prayers devoutly and speaks a great deal about you. I came to the conclusion then that I ought to be ashamed of myself; and if two such means can effect such a change in a youngster like he is, perhaps they could also change his father."

Father Carney had listened with interest but with no surprise. It was only the ordinary way in which Our Lady answered his demands for her assistance.

"I can vouch for both, Mr. Rafferty. The first thing will be a good confession as a preparation for the great feast. Then wait. There will be more surprises. In the meanwhile, I will tell you the secret. A month or two ago, I told the children in school a story which had for its point, to make a present to the Infant Jesus at Christmas. Jimmy was in hot water that day because of some prank, but in the evening he came to me and asked how he could make a present. I suggested a little extra care in prayer, study and behaviour. This was that definite purpose you perceived; added to the helping influence of God's grace, it has done wonders."

For the first time in its history, Roseville had midnight Mass. The people were enthusiastic; the cold midnight air, the lights and flowers of the church, all bespoke that other chilly night and the brightness of the stable, when Christ was born. But look, it is the Communion. A little, red-haired server is kneeling like an angel on the bottom step of the altar. It is Jimmy Rafferty, now glorious in his new cassock and surplice, and wonder of wonders, a neat little avenue is engraved in the middle of his auburn locks. At the communion-rail, his parents are kneeling ready to receive their Lord. When Father Carney drew near, he noticed there were shining, diamond-drops glistening on their cheeks—tears. Yes; but tears of joy. And he, too, as he returned to the altar, could not help thinking: "As usual, the little Infant and His Holy Mother couldn't help getting ahead of us. We thought our little present was a real big one, but what a return gift—truly a hundred-fold."

JOHN BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing a bit too roughly."

"Not a bit! Not a bit!" said the old man cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it is best that they should be. You didn't harm me at all."

"I am glad to hear it." And lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray. "He is only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry, "the question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat."

Which was right?—*Catholic Monthly*.

Christians believe that the All-Wise God will give the gift of wisdom to those that humbly ask for it. Yet how few, even among the most devout, will think of offering up a prayer for light before going to the polls Nov. 7?

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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THE MYSTERY OF THE TWO HOUSES

Archbishop Ireland often tells the following story: I was strolling of a summer evening along one of the streets in the upper part of St. Paul. I recognized a friend hammering a piece of wood in front of a new and neatly built cottage. I approached with the salute:

"Well, Patrick, what are you doing here?"

"Industriying," answered he; "putting some last touches to this house of mine."

"This house of yours," I replied. "Have you had the money to pay for this fine building?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "this house is paid for, and so is the next one, mine also—one to live in, the other to be rented out to some neighbor."

"Why, how is this, Patrick? I remember well when you had very little money."

"So do I remember," replied Patrick. "But I have found the money. You, Father Ireland, gave it to me."

Still more did my wonder grow.

"Come inside," continued Patrick; and in an instant, following his quick pace, I was upstairs in Patrick's bedroom. "Look here," he said, "here is the deed of gift."

I looked. On the wall above the bed, nicely framed, was the document: "I promise to abstain during my lifetime from all intoxicating drinks. Signed, Patrick O——. Witnessed, John Ireland."

The mystery of the two houses, the property of Patrick, was explained.—*Catholic Monthly*.

THE WAGES MOTHER GETS

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets breakfast, and sends me off to school," said a bright youth.

"Then she gets my father up, gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school. Then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she's 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us. I get two dollars a week, and my father gets five dollars a day."

How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why, she doesn't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you?"

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there is no money in it."—*Davenport Messenger*.

WISDOM IN THE MOUTHS OF BABES

A little boy had signed the pledge. A gentleman, if we may call him such, said: "I can get that boy to drink wine." So he filled a glass, and offered it to the boy; but he refused, saying:

"I have signed the pledge."

"I will give you half a dollar if you will drink."

"No, sir, I will not drink."

"I'll give you a dollar."

"No, sir," replied the little fellow.

"Will you drink if I give you five dollars?"

The boy looked at it; it seemed desirable; but, there was no change in his answer:

"No, sir, I will not."

The gentleman then pulled out his silver watch and said:

"I'll give you this nice silver watch if you will drink."

That was quite a temptation to the boy; but, instead of yielding, he replied:

"Sir, if I don't drink I may some day have a gold watch."—*Davenport Messenger*.

THE LITTLE BLUE SPOOL

There was once a little blue spool in a great loom that was weaving beautiful silk of many colors. But one day, the little shuttle, or spool, that carried a certain shade of blue thread, said to himself:

"There isn't very much blue that I can see, in this silk. I don't believe that I'm of much use, and I'll just not work any more."

And he didn't. And when the silk was taken from the loom, it was found that the silk was ruined, for there were great gaps in it where the little spool should have run through.

We have all a part in the great loom of life; and, like the little blue spool that spoiled the beautiful silk, we each must do our share of work, no matter how insignificant it may seem, or we will spoil the whole web.—*Davenport Messenger*.

STICKING FAST TO PRINCIPLE

A Catholic lawyer was invited by some non-Catholics of wealth and prominence to dine with them on a Friday evening. He went to the dinner, ate the fish that was served as one of the courses, and abstained from all the meat dishes. The next day the son of his hostess said to him:

"Mr. Warren, I am very glad that you touched no meat last night. My mother was watching you, and if you had eaten meat she would have lost all respect for you."

Weak-kneed Catholic men sometimes think that they can win favor by concealing their religion. Even the world respects the man who is faithful to principle.—*Hartford Transcript*.

A PAUSE IN THE PRAYER

Danny was kneeling at his grandmother's knee, saying his night-prayers.

"If I should die 'fore I awake . . . If I should die 'fore I awake . . ." The little man stopped as if he had forgotten something.

"I pray," prompted grandmother's gentle voice; "Go on, Danny!"

"Wait a minute," interposed Danny, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again, and dropping on his knees at his place, took up his night-prayers where he had left off. When the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, however, the grandmother, curious about the reason for the interruption in his prayers, asked the boy with loving rebuke why he had run away in the middle of his prayers.

"But I did think what I was saying, grandmother," he answered;

"that's just why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads, just to see how he'd tear round in the morning. 'If I should die 'fore I awake'—why, I wouldn't want him to find them that way; so I had to go down and fix them right again. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're going to keep on living, but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you awake."

"That's right, my dear, it was right," commented the voice with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers would not be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."—*Davenport Messenger*.

TO STRIKE THE LORD'S ANOINTED

Three Catholic men in a town of the middle west had a grievance against their pastor. Their angry passions so far obtained the mastery over them that nothing but personal violence could satisfy them. They planned to meet the Priest, and attack him. It chanced that one of the parishioners, a big, brawny blacksmith, overheard them. That night, when they came to the place, where they had plotted to meet the Priest, they met the blacksmith instead, and he sadly spoiled their plans. But their bad will in plotting to strike the Lord's anointed did not escape God's chastisements. All three of the plotters died that same winter. One froze to death in North Dakota; the second was killed in an accident; and the third was found dead, leaning against a tree.

THE HEAVENLY MINT

A poor sick woman said to the priest who was attending her: "What grieves me most about my sickness is that in this condition I can no longer work for the many good people for whom I was accustomed to do favors." The tears stood in her eyes while she spoke, as proof of her sincerity.

"My child," replied the priest, "in our convent there are several old Fathers who, too feeble to work, spend their time in suffering and prayer. But they are resigned. See, these are the very ones who do most for the Order. They are the heads that govern, the hearts that set all in motion; we younger and more active ones are only the arms

which carry out their plans. Many believe all the honor is due to us; but what would we be if these did not suffer and pray for us? And so in like manner, by your sufferings and prayers, you will do far more for others than you might have done by your work."

The good old lady folded her hands. "Then I wish to suffer as much as God wills," she said.

Happy the home in which some beloved member by suffering atones for the faults of others and by example edifies them and leads them to God.

THE PRINCESS' DREAM

There was once a princess, who, having learnt the faith in childhood, later neglected religion and gradually lost her faith. One night she had a dream. Even dreams may inspire good thoughts. She seemed to be walking in a forest. There she came upon a blind man.

"Have you been blind from birth?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "from my birth."

"Then you have never seen the beautiful sun and its light?"

"Never, and I have not the faintest idea of what it is like; yet I firmly believe that it must be very beautiful." Then he became serious and continued. "You say you will not believe unless you see and understand. Learn from my example that many things are beautiful and beyond comprehension, which are just as true as those things which you do see and understand."

A LEGEND OF THE HEBRIDES

One day Christ and His Mother (in the guise of poor travelers), wandering over the grey, treeless islands, met a poor orphan girl who was working in hard drudgery. Our Lady asked her Son to help the orphan; and He put it into the mind of the miller, who was also a carpenter (a combination common enough in the Hebrides), to marry the girl. But she soon forgot her poverty and gave herself great airs. And when the Mother and Son came again to see her, she hardly spoke to them. But, though it was a cold December day, gave them a place far from the fire, while she went fussing about her housework. At last they rose to go; and all she gave them was a ladleful of grain.

Then the Mother and her Son went to the mill and asked the miller,

her husband, to grind the grain for them. But he said there was so little of it, it would break the quern (mill-stones).

"It is food for the needy," said Christ, "and no harm will arise if you grind it."

So the miller gave the stones a turn or two, and then went on to his work. Soon God put it into his heart to look to the grist, and he found that the ladleful of grain had filled the chest with meal of the finest quality. The travelers took part, while the miller went into the house to ask if anyone had called that day. His wife answered:

"Why, there isn't a day that people do not call, and I'm wearied and annoyed with beggars. Two of them were here today again."

Then her husband told her of the miracle that had been done; and she was filled with shame, and hastened after the Mother and the Son to tell them that she had not known them.

"When you saw my poor," said Our Lord, "did you not see Me? I saw you an orphan, and I gave you plenty."—*Exchange*.

A CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

St. Vincent Ferrer introduced a practice for Christmas-tide which is still observed in Spain. He accustomed his penitents, if they were not too poor themselves, to invite an old man, a maiden, and a little child to eat with them, as a kind of picture of the Holy Family.

There was a wealthy merchant of Valencia who always followed this advice. And what happened? At the hour of his death, it is related, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph stood by his dying bed and thanked him for his hospitality. And Our Lord said to him:

"Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of my servants, you have done it unto Me."—*Ave Maria*.

SAW MOTHER DO IT

The doctor, a fallen-away Catholic, was passing through the wards of a Chicago hospital. He came to the cot of a poor little fellow who had been burned in a gasoline explosion, and who lay there tortured night and day with fearful pains. The doctor saw that the little fellow held a crucifix in his hands. "Why do you hold that thing, little boy? It will not do you any good." The poor lad looked up; his face drawn with pain appeared patient and resigned. "I saw my mamma holding the crucifix in her hand, when she was sick, and I want to do it too."

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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CHRISTIAN CHARITY AND CARD INDEXES

At the National Convention of Catholic Charities held at Washington, Bishop Tihen spoke against the tendency to overestimate Organization Work. The words of the bishop may well be taken to heart by certain of our zealous charity workers who have rubbed shoulders overmuch with philanthropists outside the fold. Civil officials and non-Catholics can without doubt teach us improvements in method; we should be ready to examine without prejudice and follow with humility wherever it is profitable to do so. But they can never teach us principles. In this age of investigation committees and efficiency experts the fact remains true as it was two thousand years ago: Works of Charity will depend for their practical results more upon the living faith, Christian love, and generous self-sacrifice of those engaged therein than upon card indexes and double-entry ledgers.

PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell says that Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are not the names of individuals but of tribes.

And so now it is all settled! Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell has spoken. What more could anyone desire! Of course the Bible, the Word of God, put down Adam, Eve, etc., as individuals, in fact, as rather important individuals, two of them being the first parents of the human race. It happens that the belief of mankind and the verdict of history agreed with the Bible in calling them individuals. But all that was before Professor Nathaniel Schmidt made his revelation to the world. It matters not what Adam, Eve, etc., were heretofore. From now on they are tribes—tribes, you understand, not individuals. Proof? Why it is blasphemous to ask for proof; Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell says so. What further proof could anyone desire! Oh! the thrice happy students who have followed their lucky star to the university where the Word of God, the testimony of nations, and the verdict of history fall back abashed before the infallible dictum of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell.

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR HAPPINESS

Happiness consists in having all that you want. Hence it would appear that there are two reliable prescriptions for happiness; one is to get what you want; the other is to want what you've got. If you see no immediate prospect of being able to fill the first prescription, why not take the second? The result will be the same; and it is only the result that you really desire. You will have to wait for years, and perhaps wait in vain, before attaining to happiness by the possession of the mansion you want; then why not seize happiness at once by wanting the little three-room cottage that you've got.

WAR

It saddens and sickens us, even amid our Christmas festivities, to think of the world war. This is God's way of reminding us of the duty of Catholic charity to pray for the war sufferers. A little remembrance in our night prayers for the fathers and sons and husbands that have fallen throughout the day, and for the heart-broken mothers and sisters and wives they have left behind! If this is too much for our charity, then at least a devout and attentive union with the priest when he recites the pope's prayer for peace after Mass on Sunday.

CHEER UP

Cheer up! This world has not treated you so badly, taking it all in all, and your prospects are pretty good for the next one! Cheer up! Don't darken the sunshine with your woe-begone countenance. The fogs and mists and thunder clouds you think you see, are all within your own brain. Drive them out, and let God's blessed sunlight stream in.

God still loves you, otherwise He would not be so good to you. You must admit it: He really has been good to you. True, you have had your losses and your reverses, but you have never yet starved or frozen to death. Our Lord Himself has said: "Having food and raiment, with these we are content." He has not given you more than this, because He knows that more is unnecessary. And as for the next

world, why, you say your daily prayers and hear Mass on Sunday and receive the Sacraments occasionally and try to lead a pretty straight life. Now all these are special graces of God. How often you were prevented from committing some great sin by something, you know not what! This is a clear proof that a loving Father is watching over you. You still have your faults of course. He permits that to keep you from growing proud and to make you pray. Therefore, cheer up! The birds have not all stopped singing nor has the sun been extinguished.

BEATS BEECHMAN'S PILLS

"Hello," "Hello." "This is Smith! Say, we're making up a little poker game for tonight. Cummin' over?" "Tell ya how it is, Smith. I don't think I can afford it. Liketa go awright, but I haveta watch every nickel these days. But, say, I just got a idea. I could stop tha Catholic paper. That 'ud save me a dollar or two. By golly, I'll do it. Sure thing! Put me down. I'll be there with ma spurs on!"

So spake father: then ma came in.

"Ambrose, there is an art dealer here with a be-yutiful painting of 'September Morn'. It's cut down to \$2.00. We really ought to have it for the parlor. Our parlor looks a fright without any real artistic pictures. Have you a couple of spare dollars? I just spent the last—Yes, I know times are hard. But couldn't we—couldn't we stop the Catholic paper. That would save a dollar or two, and then I could get 'September Morn'."

"Mamma, O mamma! There is the swellest book—everyone says it is going to be one of the six best sellers—'The Sex-Problem'—everybody is reading it—can't I have \$1.35—Ah mamma, you could manage it some way if you tried, couldn't you—you never get me anything—why can't you stop the Catholic paper, that would save us a dollar or two and then I could get 'the Sex-Problem'. Mamma, please!"

"I say, dad," [Ambrose, Jr., has the floor now.] "The boys are going out tonight and—I'm up agin it—I'm broke! Couldn't ya stake me to a couple a bones? Gee whiz, dad, this is fierce! If time's are so hard why don'tcha stop the Catholic paper? We all know enuff about our religion. Come on, dad; be a sport!"

The result was that father wrote a letter to ye editor.

Editor: The Catholic ———.

Dear Sir: Owing to the high cost of the bare necessities of life, and owing further to the fact that we take more Catholic periodicals than we can read [He takes one], I am forced, though with great reluctance and with sincere regret, to discontinue my subscription to your excellent paper.

Believe me, etc.,

AMBROSE BUGGS.

And the result of this again was a letter from ye editor.

Mr. Ambrose Buggs.

Dear Sir: What you say regarding the cost of the bare necessities of life came as a surprise to me. It is so long that I have been able to buy them that I have ceased to inquire as to their cost. I note the request to discontinue your subscription. I am led to surmise that this precautionary move will fail to produce any tangible results upon your depleted exchequer for, I regret to inform you, you are already 3 years and 6 months in arrears.

Believe me, etc.,

YE EDITOR.

A recent convention of the Cleveland Congress of Mothers resolved: "That the limitation of offspring according to the mother's health and the parents' income is not only a right but a duty. That the state should respect and teach that duty."

One of the signs of the times is the cool effrontery with which our people ignore the rights of Almighty God to rule the world, and with which they usurp this divine right to themselves or to the State. It is a sign which shows that the proud, presumptuous doctrine of private interpretation of the Bible has at length brought about its logical result—the rejection of the Bible and the God of the Bible, and the setting up in God's place of self and State. This is idolatry—and idolatry of the kind most difficult to eradicate, since it is founded on absolute pride, the most stubborn of vices. For the man who merely breaks God's law, there is hope; his sin is human. The man who usurps God's power of making laws, is wellnigh hopeless; his crime is diabolical. He follows the proud spirits who first raised the standard of revolt against their Creator and reechoes their battle cry, "I will not serve!"

We have the A. O. H. and the K. of C. and the C. M. B. A. and all the rest. We need only one more society, and then our young men will be perfect. That is the O. M. W. T. M. D. T. L. O. S. C. M. R. A. P. G. "Order of Men With Too Much Decency to Loiter on Street Corners, Making Remarks About Passing Girls." Perhaps we shall have that society as soon as the young women join the S. M. M. W. D. C. N. G. O. S. R. "Society of Modest Maidens Whose Dress and Conduct Never Give Occasion to Such Remarks."

American Catholic women are alive to the fact that immortal souls are perishing in missionary countries because the war has deprived them of the ministrations of European missionaries. Milwaukee has the honor of being the headquarters of the newly-organized American Missionary Association of Catholic Women.

The twenty minutes on Saturday evening spent in preparation for Confession—candid self examination, sincere contrition, and honest resolution to use practical means of amendment—will do more towards the formation of a solid Christian character than any twenty hours devoted to secular training throughout the week.

The woman that will not go to church without painting her cheeks that she may be attractive to the gaze of man, generally forgets to adorn her heart that it may be pleasing in the sight of God.

A crow will seek out the decayed spot on an apple. A woman, the more she resembles a cawing crow, the more she will lose the power of seeing anything in her husband but his faults.

Some people complain because they don't get what is coming to them; they would kick harder if they did.

WANTED—The reason why a cousin or an aunt or a sister-in-law has such a superior flavor over an ordinary acquaintance when dished up at a scandal-fest.

WALL MOTTO—I shall diligently endeavor to pry the beam out of my own eye before I begin to worry about the mote in my brother's eye.

There are newspapers advocating government and municipal ownership of traction companies, because promoters have wasted money; and in the same issues printing dire predictions of a riot of extravagance and worse when the federal government begins to buy war materials. If government officials are to waste money in buying military supplies, what reason is there to believe that other government officials would be more capable or honest when purchasing supplies for government owned railroads, a much more complicated business?—*New York Commercial*.

It should be repeated again and again and yet again, so that we can never forget it,—government ownership of any or all public utilities will not make rogues honest, will not pull out once and forever that ugly weed which St. Paul found rooted in the very center of the human heart, and which he named "the concupiscence of the eyes". Considering this fact, and that other fact that wherever there is question of public moneys we are treated to a sickening continuity of charges and counter charges of graft and mismanagement, we should give long and careful thought before we advocate government control of any new business.

Every normal public official likes to know what "the folks" think about what he is doing. A congressman in Washington makes it a point to keep in touch with men back home who will let him know what is going on. State and local officials are concerned the same way. Even after election day public opinion counts.—*Kansas City Star*.

Do not be slow in letting them know what you "think" when they vote on legislation affecting public morality and the right of every American citizen to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

The ashes of the body of Joe Hill, the organizer of the I. W. W. who was found guilty of murder and shot by the state of Utah nearly a year ago will be distributed to-morrow in 600 parchment packets to delegates of I. W. W. locals who are in Chicago to attend their Tenth Annual Convention.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Carefully jot down this little item in the tablets of your memory. It may prove effective in stopping the wide mouth of any I. W. W. who chances to sneer at the Catholic practice of venerating the relics of God's saints.

Thoughts, like deeds, are sins, says Forsythe.—*Headline*.

A Milwaukee Daily prints these words in big black type as though Forsythe, the revivalist, had made a wonderfully original statement. Does this mean that the editor of this widely circulated paper and the reading public to whom it caters have never heard of the Ninth and Tenth Commandments of God which forbid sinful thoughts!

	Catholic Events	
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Anticlericalism dies hard in France. One would think that, at a time like the present, the government would respect at least the acts of piety performed by the patient and heroic people in memory of their dead. Yet we read that when the Bishop of Montauban prescribed a procession to the cemetery on All Souls' Day, the Prefect of the district ordered out the police to stop it.

* * *

We must chronicle the death of the Marquis de Vogüé. He was well known, not only in his own country, but throughout the entire world, as a scholar, a diplomat, and a philanthropist. He labored unceasingly during the past two years to assuage the suffering following upon the war. His labors were ever elevated and purified by genuine Catholic principles.

* * *

A flock without a pastor will speedily be scattered. This fact has moved the Holy See to make a new law which will effectually prevent any American diocese from remaining long vacant after the death of its bishop. The law is a monument to the wisdom, prudence, and foresight of the ecclesiastical legislators.

* * *

The long-heralded consistory was held by Pope Benedict XV Dec. 4. Twenty-eight cardinals were present, and ten new cardinals were created. They are: Mgr. La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice, Mgr. Sbarretti, former Apostolic Delegate to Canada, then Bishop of Havana, the Assessor to the Holy See, Mgr. Bebourg, Archbishop of Rennes, Mgr. Du Bois, Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. Di Dianchi, Major Domo of the Vatican, Mgr. Boggiano, formerly Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, then Secretary of the Holy Office, Mgr. Ascalosi, Archbishop of Benevento, Mgr. Maurin, Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. Marini, Secretary of the Holy Signature, Mgr. Giergi, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council. These creations bring the number of cardinals up to sixty-eight—only two below the full number. It is said that two more will be appointed shortly. The Sacred College now consists of thirty-six Italian cardinals and thirty-two from the rest of the world. In former times the excess of Italian over non-Italian cardinals was much greater. At first blush one wonders why so many more of the Princes of the Church should be drawn from Italy than from any other country. However a little reflection will show the prudence of this measure. Suppose a new Pope had to be elected during the present war, for instance. If a large number of the cardinals were prominent figures in the countries at war with Italy, strenuous objections

might be offered against their coming to Rome and the papal election be seriously interfered with. All who have read history know that interference with a papal election is one of the greatest calamities that can befall the Church. Again, in former times, travelling facilities were so poor that the time required for the non-Italian cardinals to reach Rome would have prevented their taking part in the conclave. Many other reasons might be adduced, but space will not permit it; however, the matter is of little importance, for the men of sufficient ability and efficiency to be created cardinals are far too broadminded and too Catholic to allow any petty sectional considerations to interfere with the discharge of their duties. Besides a glance at the list of cardinals will show that a large per cent of them served for long years in diplomatic capacities in various foreign countries, and thus they have become, in sentiment and in power of grasping great questions, far more cosmopolitan than Italian.

* * *

Mgr. W. T. Russell of Washington, D. C., has been named Bishop of Charleston. He is a native of Baltimore, an alumnus of the American College at Rome, and was one time secretary to Cardinal Gibbons.

* * *

In accordance with the wish of Cardinal Farley, Honorary President of the Irish Relief Fund in New York, \$18,000 was collected in the churches of that city and forwarded to Archbishop Walsh, Honorary President of the Fund in Dublin.

* * *

The periodical called "Rome", published in the Eternal City for the English-speaking world, corrects a false statement in these terms: "It has been stated that the Office of Information about Prisoners of War, established by the Holy Father, has been closed. We can, on the contrary, announce that the office is open and that its beneficent work continues. The only part which has been suppressed is that of correspondence to the prisoners."

* * *

Our contemporaries note that the Pastor of one of the Catholic churches of Greater New York assisted at ten weddings within three hours on Thanksgiving Eve. We make bold to say that *one* morning wedding, with a Nuptial Blessing and both bride and groom receiving Holy Communion, would give the worthy priest more consolation than the entire ten of these Thanksgiving Eve matches.

* * *

"The country is gone to the dogs!" Such is the doleful wail of the anti-Catholic secret societies of Pennsylvania. In spite of their frantic opposition, John McLaughlin, National President of the A. O. H., has been elected Congressman at large of that state.

The indefatigable Bishop Schrembs is planning a hospital to be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. When completed and furnished it will cost about \$300,000.

* * *

The jury of the Federal Court at Augusta, Georgia, deliberated for sixteen hours and then rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty" in favor of Tom Watson, who had been charged with sending obscense matter through the mails in his attacks on the Catholic Church.

* * *

The widow of former U. S. Senator, Thomas Palmer, left three million to be used for training girls for motherhood. She said: "I hold profoundly the conviction that the welfare of any community is inseparately dependent upon the quality of its motherhood and the spirit and character of its homes."

* * *

President Wilson, Secretary Lansing and other high officials attended the Requiem Mass which was offered up for the repose of the soul of Emperor Francis Joseph in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C.

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The German Minister to the Vatican directed a copy of the German peace proposals to the Pope, adding these words: "Since the first day of his pontifical reign, His Holiness the Pope has unswervingly demonstrated in the most generous fashion, his solicitude for the innumerable victims of this war. He has alleviated the sufferings and ameliorated the fate of thousands of men injured by this catastrophe. Inspired by the exalted ideas of his ministry, His Holiness has seized every opportunity in the interest of humanity to end so sanguinary a war. The Imperial government is firmly confident that the initiative of the four powers will find friendly welcome on the part of His Holiness and the work of peace can count upon the precious support of the Holy See."

* * *

Emperor Francis Joseph, shortly before his death, raised to the nobility with hereditary rights Dr. Ludwig Pastor, author of "The History of the Popes".

* * *

The War Department has listed St. Thomas College, St. Paul, among the six institutions of the United States whose graduates can be received into the reserve corps in case war should break out. The military training given is prescribed by the War Department. The instructors, uniforms, weapons, and equipment are in charge of the United States Government.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

A CORRECTION. In the December Question Box, page 573, it was stated that a marriage, contracted in 1894, before a Protestant minister, between a Catholic man and a baptized non-Catholic woman, in a place where the decree Tametsi of the Council of Trent was in force, was invalid. This statement needs to be qualified. The marriage in question was invalid *unless* the place in which it was contracted was one to which the Benedictine Declaration had been extended, in which case it was valid. For the sake of clearness we offer the following explanation:

By a clandestine marriage is meant one that is contracted without the solemnity required by the Church, that is, without the presence of the Parish Priest and two witnesses. Before the Council of Trent all such marriages were valid though illicit. Of course we are supposing now and in what follows that the marriage was not rendered null and void by the presence of some other diriment impediment. In the year 1563 the Council of Trent formulated the decree which from its initial word is known as the decree "Tametsi". This decree makes clandestine marriages null and void. It affects clandestine marriages between all baptized persons, whether both be Catholics, both non-Catholics, or one Catholic and one non-Catholic. But the Council decreed that this law should take effect and be binding only in those parishes in which it would be promulgated. Now, in many parishes the Tametsi has never been promulgated. In general it may be said that it was promulgated in those countries which at the time of the Council of Trent were Catholic, and not in those which at that time were not Catholic.

Holland was among the former countries but later on fell away from the faith. Difficulties arose from the fact that the marriages of all non-Catholics were invalid according to the Tametsi. Then Pope Benedict XIV, in 1741, officially declared that in Holland marriages between two baptized non-Catholics, or between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic, did not fall under

the decree Tametsi, that such marriages, when clandestine, were nevertheless valid. This decision, known as the Benedictine Declaration, was afterwards extended by the Holy See to other countries and regions in which the decree Tametsi had been promulgated, but not to all such regions.

Therefore, in deciding whether clandestine marriages contracted prior to Easter Sunday, 1908, were valid or not, we must distinguish between marriage between two Catholics, and the marriage when one or both baptized parties are not Catholics, and we must also distinguish three different classes of places.

First, places where the decree Tametsi was never promulgated. Such are most of the dioceses of the United States. In such places all clandestine marriages, between baptized persons, even between two Catholics, were valid.

Secondly, those places in which the decree Tametsi was promulgated and was not modified by the Benedictine Declaration. Such, for instance, was the ecclesiastical province of Santa Fe, including the states of Arizona and New Mexico and Colorado, except that portion north of the Arkansas river. Here all clandestine marriages between baptized persons were invalid, even if both parties were non-Catholics, or if one was a Catholic and the other not.

Thirdly, those places in which the decree Tametsi was promulgated but to which the Benedictine Declaration was afterwards extended. As one example of such a place we mention the city of St. Louis. Here a clandestine marriage between two Catholics was invalid; between two baptized non-Catholics or between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic, it was valid.

The doctrine we have thus far laid down concerns marriages contracted before Easter 1908. On that date the late Pope Pius X promulgated the new marriage law known as the "Ne Temere". This law supersedes the old legislation and is uniform for almost the whole church. Its provisions in regard to clandestinity are as follows:

when a Catholic marries a Catholic or when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic, the marriage, to be valid, must be performed in the presence of the parish-priest of the place or of the bishop of the diocese or of some priest delegated by either of them and of two witnesses. Clandestinity does not render the marriage of Protestants invalid.

✓ *There is a lady here in N. who states that after a few years she expects to enter a convent. As she is a divorcee (she getting the divorce) about thirty-five years of age and has not practised the Catholic religion for several years, I took the position that I knew of no convent where she would be admitted. She is distinctly a woman of the world—smokes and drinks—and I contend that our religion does not take such women into the sisterhood after the best part of her life was spent away from the Church. Her friends claim that she is a smart woman and that the Catholic Church in all its wonderful charity should be glad to have such a woman return to same. Will you let me have your opinion in the Liguorian please?*

We think this so-called lady is but amusing herself when she says that she intends to enter a convent. Her marriage and her morals are very much in the way of carrying out such a resolution and no religious order would for a moment consider her application. But let us suppose that she is free from the bond of marriage, either because her marriage was never valid or, if it was, because her husband dies, and let us further suppose that she is thoroughly converted from her evil ways and leads a good devout life, then she might conceivably after some time be received into certain orders and this notwithstanding the fact that she has given the best part of her life to the world and the devil. Great sinners have been converted and afterwards become great saints in the religious life.

Please advise whether or not Catholics are allowed to make use of a ouija board, and if not, why not.

In itself a ouija board is neither good or bad. But there is always the danger of diabolical intervention in connection with mysterious devices of this kind. Further, even though the devil does not actuate the board, there is danger of superstition on the part of those who make use of it. There-

fore ordinarily the use of the ouija board is sinful and those who have such a curiosity should destroy it. We add here the answer given by Father Geiermann in this Question Box to a similar question about two years ago. "It may be possible that the movements of the ouija board have thus far been due to the unconscious action of your brother and yourself. But it cannot be denied that the devil likes to excite our curiosity about occult things and thereby draw us into superstitious practices. It is well for you and your brother to beware of the snares of the devil. No auto-suggestion could move the ouija board to reveal what neither you nor your brother ever knew before. As soon as it begins to impart information of this nature you may be sure that the devil has taken a hand in the movements. Personally I do not believe in auto-suggestion in connection with any of these amusements on the borderland of faith. I had an opportunity some years ago of observing a rather loquacious ouija board. Taking up my ritual and stole I blessed the board unknown to the manipulators and sprinkled it with holy water. That put an end to all so-called auto-suggestion as well as all diabolical intervention. Ouija was as one paralyzed and no amount of coaxing could elicit a movement of the board."

Is there any difference between envy and jealousy? In other words can a person be envious of another without being jealous?

The Standard Dictionary gives the following definitions of envy and jealousy; envy—selfish ill-will towards another because of his superior success, endowments, or possessions; ill-natured grudging in view of what another has or enjoys. Jealousy—the state of being apprehensive of being displaced in the love of another; the state of being suspicious of being outdone by a rival in matters of affection or favor. A person who does not wish his friend to associate with others for fear of losing that friend's affection is jealous rather than envious. A person who is displeased with another's success in business in connection with his own lack of success is envious rather than jealous.

Is there an indulgence for the sign of the cross?

Yes, fifty days each time, or a hundred days each time if made with holy water.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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The Divine Master's Portrait, by Rev. F. Degen. Price 50 cents. We do not weary reading good of those we love. With each succeeding page of the deeds of the loved one, our eagerness ever warms and we long to read more of him. We do not tire of a friend's companionship; nor do we grow indifferent to his many proofs of love for us. We desire with a longing desire to be in his company: to study and to analyze the good we see in that friend. We wish to become perfect even as he is perfect. This is our attitude towards those we love.

Rev. Father Degen has given to the public *The Divine Master's Portrait*, a little work that will never weary the reader. Each succeeding page pictures the heroic deeds of Christ Jesus, our best Friend. This book is a true companion, one that will remind us what Jesus has done for us and what we in turn ought to do for Jesus. This neatly arranged work in so many chapters tells of the perfect sanctity, of the heroic self-denial, of the burning zeal, of the wonderful poverty, obedience and humility, of the undying love of the Savior for us. Beautiful Scriptural texts, choice quotations from the Fathers of the Church, especially culled passages from Famous Catholic writers, such as Father Faber, are used to tell of the prayerful, the cheerful Jesus, of the just, the merciful Jesus, of the meek, the sincere Jesus. We trust the public will favor this work. It can be had from B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

There are a number of good books treating about the duties of the priest, but as far as we know there is scarcely one written expressly for seminarians. Hence we welcome Father Rung's little work on "*The Seminarian*" for this reason apart from its own excellence. It is true there is perhaps nothing new in the book, but the author admitted this in his preface where he says he is merely giving recollections of the lessons he learned at the seminary. It is nothing new that a seminarian needs but rather a work like Father Rung's which contains a good deal of sound common sense with solid ascetic principles. We feel convinced that the book will appeal to those seminarians who are fitting themselves for a life-

time of work in the vineyard of the Lord. *The Seminarian* sells for 75 cents at P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y.

The Facts About Luther, by Rt. Rev. Mons. Patrick F. O'Hare, LL. D. Price 25 cents. "Probably no man ever lived," observes Dr. Guilday in his introduction to the present little volume, "about whom so much has even been written as Luther." In recent years Luther literature has been most abundant. During that time the God-fearing man, the energetic reformer, the saint has gradually been transformed into the coarse, the rabid, the self-willed founder of Protestantism. The Luther of fiction has slowly become the Luther of fact. The masterly productions of Janssen, Denifle and Grisar have been mainly instrumental in effecting this transformation. Though these works are standards, yet they are addresses more to the scientific world, the world that watches and studies history.

Monsignor O'Hare's little volume, however, treats the subject more briefly. Drawn from well-authenticated sources it gives a clear, vivid, genuine picture of the founder of Protestantism. The book contains facts with which everybody should be acquainted. Those who have not the patience or the time to read lengthy volumes and are, nevertheless, anxious to obtain clear, definite, true knowledge on a question of such importance, will find in this little work their ideal.

The Divinity of Jesus Christ. In this little book of some 96 pages Father Roche, S. J., has ably established the proposition: "that Mary's Son was also Son of God." The proofs he brings forward are proofs that will appeal to all: the fulfillment of the prophecies, the claims and character of Christ, the miracles of Christ, and the testimony of history. In the first proof the author could dwell on the divinity of the Messias a little more than he does but he more than makes up for this flaw by the thoroughness, clearness, and force of the rest of his work. Sufficiently scientific to make it solid, the work has received at Father Roche's hands a treatment that is highly popular. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, price, 25 cents.

	Lucid Intervals	
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Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in?

I's done be engaged in the mining business, sah.

What kind of mining are you doing—gold, silver or diamond?

I's doing kalsomining, sah.

Jerry—"I have traced my ancestry back to an Irish king."

Pat—"Sure that's aisy. What chanst has a dead man to defend himself?"

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side, over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

Attired in a morning robe of delicate lace, she heeded not the bitter tears that chased each other along the bridge of her nose and splashed upon the fried eggs that lay with the sunny side up before her.

Regretfully, her glances rested upon her husband, who sat opposite, nervously toying with his spoon.

"No, Annabel," he was saying, "I do not care for any of the baking powder biscuits you made with your hands."

"George," she faltered, "did you not say before we were married—"

A sob temporarily choked her utterance.

"Th—that you would gladly die for me?"

"Did I say that?" he eagerly demanded.

"You did, George."

"Annabel," he said, in a low hollow tone, "I am a man of my word. Can I trouble you to pass those baking powder biscuits? Thank you!"

"I thought you had given up burnt-wood art, dearie?"

"Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is a pie."

The teacher was giving a test on the value of foreign money in America. When it was little Harry's turn, she asked:

"Harry, how much is a guinea worth in this country?"

Harry smiled and answered: "A dollar and a half a day."

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day, as he was riding to Nashville on the L. & N., the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boat-hook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying:

"Colonel! are you hurt?"

"No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop."

Definition of a boarding house strawberry shortcake:

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.

Mrs.—I read here where a South Sea Island wife isn't supposed to talk until her husband speaks first.

Mr.—And I'll bet some of those fool husbands do it.

"What are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Gabb, when her husband came home with a band of crepe around his hat.

"For your first husband," replied Mr. Gabb. "I'm sorry he died."

"My name," the inmate of the asylum answered proudly, "is Andy Carnegie."

"Is that so?" said the visitor. "Why, the last time I was here your name was Theodore Roosevelt."

"But that," said the inmate, "was by my first wife."